

THE VIGIL '62

1928

Hahnemann Hospital

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HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING

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IN
U.S.A.

We hope this yearbook will bring back
happy memories of your friends in the
Class of 1962.

Presented to the library by the
Class of 1962. Aug. 10, 1962



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THE VIGIL

1962



SCHOOL OF NURSING

Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Foreword

As many classes have gone before us, so we too, the Class of 1962 leave Hahnemann to take our places in the field of nursing.

Behind us we leave three years of education, experience, and many pleasant associations—some to last us the rest of our lives; others, to remain memories to think back upon in future years.

However, in our wake we should like to leave this yearbook, both for us to look at and reflect back to our schooldays and for other classes so that they may share our memories.

We sincerely hope you will enjoy this yearbook as much as we enjoyed creating the experiences that make it possible.



Joseph V. D'Ambola and Wilbur W. Oaks

Dedication

There have been many people who have influenced us during our three years of nursing education. It is hard to single out any one person who has contributed more than the others, but to two people we owe a particular debt. It is as a small token of our respect and gratitude that we offer the dedication of the Vigil, '62 to Dr. Wilbur Oaks and Mr. Joseph D'Ambola. We hope that we can justify their confidence in us as mature professional nurses.

*"Did you know you were brave, did you know you were strong?
Did you know there was one leaning hard?
Did you know that I waited and listened and prayed,
And was cheered by your simplest word?
Did you know that I longed for that smile on your face,
For the sound of your voice ringing true?
Did you know I grew stronger and better because
I had merely touched shoulders with you?"*

—unknown

Nursing Education



To the Class of 1962:

The Faculty of the School of Nursing and those in Nursing Service join with me in extending congratulations and best wishes to you.

Your three years of study and clinical experience as a student nurse have come to an end. You have had expert instruction and skilled guidance. You entered our School of Nursing to learn; now you will go forth to serve. Your instructors and all those concerned with your progress are proud of your achievements. We know that you are happy and elated in reaching your goal—becoming a “graduate professional nurse.”

MRS. EDYTHE GRING KISTLER, R.N., B.S.
Director of the School of Nursing

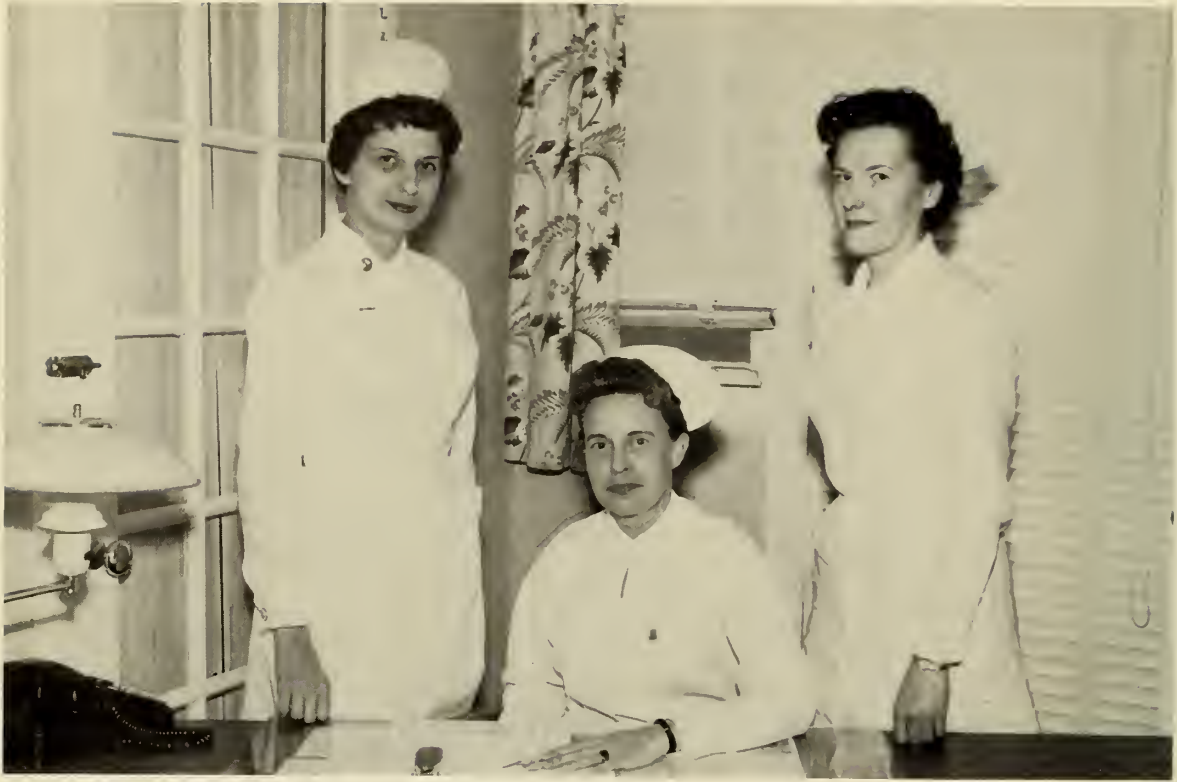


SEATED: J. Weinstein, M. Greensfelder, M. Strakay, J. Chuback
STANDING: P. Balanda, S. Sammon, E. Yoho, M. Smith



SEATED: Y. Morosky, M. Tregunna, R. Gruver
STANDING: M. Pezzana, P. Maccarone, W. Spangler, C. Haracz

Nursing Service



J. Lynch, E. McCuen, E. Anderson

To the Class of 1962:

The three years you are soon to see completed are but an introduction to the role you must now accept in your chosen field of endeavor—in nursing and in life itself. Untold and unrealized heights of professional development and selfgrowth are open to you. Be never satisfied with other than the best—for self, friends, family, and all of human society with whom you come in contact. May success, health and happiness, accompany you in your future; and may these words of Louis Untermeyer from his poem "Prayer" serve as an incentive and a guide in your achievement.

*"From compromise and things half-done
Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride
And when, at last, the fight is won
God keep me still unsatisfied."*

ELINOR E. McCUEN, R.N.
Acting Director Nursing Service

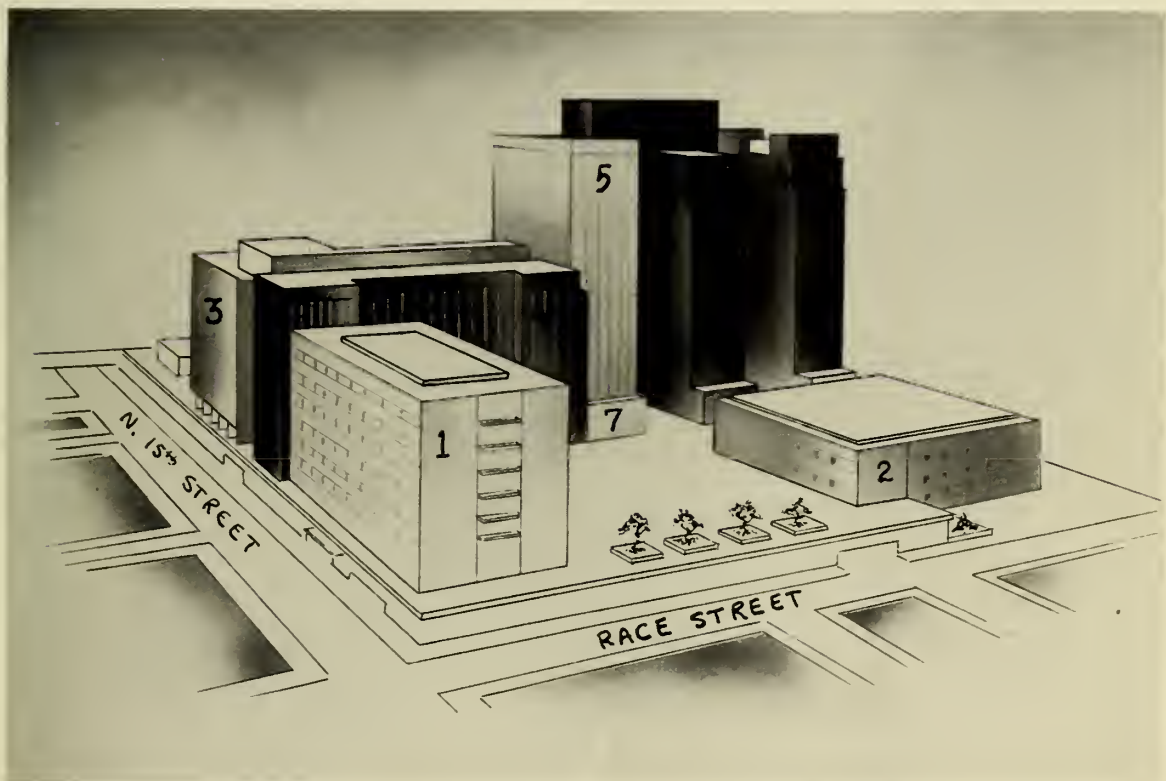
Administration

It is with sincere pleasure that I extend to each of you congratulations for the completion of your training, to assume the responsibilities that will be entrusted to you by physicians and patients alike. You have within your power the ability to do more than any man may ever declare. Let each experience of your ministrations, which gives you satisfaction, give you also the strength to meet the more perplexing and taxing situations which will be required of you. In a world of tension and suspicion, you are now in a profession to which people turn with justified confidence in their most extreme hours. Justify this confidence, and you will truly earn the title of "Angel of Mercy."

CHARLES S. PAXSON, JR.
Vice President and Administrator



The New Hahnemann



1. New Nurses' Residence. 2. New Outpatient Clinic. 3. New College Building. 4. Existing Klahr Building. 5. Clinical Research Institute. 6. Existing Hospital. 7. Operating Pavilion.

Preclinical Period

Our life as student nurses began on September 8, 1959, Registration Day, when with excited expectation we—all 27 of us—entered the nurses' home, 245 North Fifteenth Street.

That evening, our initiation began with a party given for us by our "big sisters." We each received a tiny cap, symbolic of the real ones we were to receive at the end of six months. We spent a laughter-filled evening and returned tired but happy to our rooms: greasy door knobs, taped spigots, short-sheeted beds, and jumbled drawers!

During our week of orientation we had our first good look at Philadelphia through guided tours by the faculty. Then we settled down to our formal instructions. All week we studied—basic sciences, allied nursing arts, and social sciences. But on Friday at five began the mad dash to catch the bus or train home for the week-end.

Our clinical experience began next; and how proud but more than a little scared we were as we invaded the hospital in our "probie blues" to fill water pitchers, clean utility rooms, straighten casters, and keep the shades even on the wards. Later, we don't know who was more anxious—us or the instructors as they supervised us on enemas, colostomy irrigations, tracheotomy aspirations, and medications.

How happy we were at Christmas for we received two weeks vacation; but how apprehensive that evaluations to our parents were following us in the mail.

After six months of classes and clinical instruction, the day finally arrived! Capping! How proudly and thankfully we walked down the aisle to be capped by our "big sisters."



Anatomy



Ahh, the poor puddy-cat.

Chemistry



Do you *really* think it'll happen ? ? ?

Physiology



And right about here—she coughed.

Fundamentals of Nursing



Just a little mosquito bite!

Men's Medical



That thing looks dangerous!

Women's Medical



But this makes the fifth time today, doc! ! !

Surgical



Real food sure beats I.V.'s!

Physical Fitness



Every Tuesday morning, ten o'clock till noon.



Yes, it's my first.



Our pre-capping party!



I'm NOT

sick!



Who me? I'm little red riding hood!



I study every night!



Just call me Alvin!



Ready for big action.



You'll get your

wish, Phyl.



I'll wow them all!



Rah for the lucky patient!

Capping



The Florence Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly, to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

March 18, 1960



It was the night before capping,
and all through the halls . . .



What do you mean, say cheese?



In one more hour

I'll have a cap!



We'll light the way.



Boy, does this cap feel great!

Freshman Year

That long-awaited day had finally arrived. Remember how proud we were marching down the aisle of Klahr Auditorium to the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance" in our new white bibs and aprons? The importance of the nights of studying and the days of work was finally realized as our "big sisters" placed our caps upon our heads and we recited the "Florence Nightingale Pledge." *Now* we were Freshmen.

Along with our "whites" and caps came new experiences and added responsibilities. We spent more time on the floors and were no longer called "maid" by the patients.

Pharmacology was a new course we had to face. All those drugs with their actions and reactions! How would we ever pass? But with the dint of hard work and Mr. D'Ambola we did.

Then there was dietary experience with its principles, preparations, patients and problems. We did fairly well in getting the patients to adopt good food habits, but at 11 PM it was practically impossible to convince ourselves that we didn't need a pizza or a chocolate nut sundae.

The operating room brought with it a new routine and a new vocabulary. "What did he say?" When we observed our first operation no one passed out, but we could "feel" the initial incision with the knife.

In the recovery room we became clock watchers. B. P.'s had to be taken every fifteen minutes and not a day went by without our ears ringing.

Magee Rehabilitation Center made us realize the things we had to be thankful for, and how courageous the unfortunate are. We left with newly obtained knowledge and an affectionate name for the rehabilitation center—"Magoo."

Working weekends, studying even harder, and giving our first hypodermics to a "real" patient were still other accomplishments of this new life of which we were becoming a part.

We experienced many joys and disappointments in Freshman Block, but they were important steps to the day when we could place a black band on our caps and be called "Juniors."



Operating Room



... that Ivory look!

Recovery Room



Blood pressure—stable.

Bronchoscopy



Is it in there, doctor? ??

Dressing Cart



Well of course it's sterile!

Diet Kitchen



Does the dish count?

12th Floor



Two more drops should do it!

Magee Rehabilitation



That chair looks pretty weak to me!

Pharmacy



Sorry, this is non-formulary.



Hot chocolate, anyone?



All right, who did it?



We'll be with you

in a minute.



Took only 5 trips on 2 elevators!



We always wash our feet like this!



Of course I set my hair!



If you want my opinion . . .



A "Mer"

maid



How could you!



Erga!

Junior Year

Our Junior year began happily with the presentation of a half-inch stripe of black velvet.

Pediatrics was our first specialty; the war cry being "Oh, no! I've got 27 and 29 again! P-L-U-S three isolations!" But "Peds" had its happier days—the days when we played a mother's role and comforted a grieving child. It isn't every day that a nurse finds her diabetic patient stuffing his peas in the fan in his room or finds some child pouring his bright red cough syrup down a medical student's clean white lab coat.

With our hearts still on pediatrics, we moved to the D. R., where we witnessed our first delivery with awe. The formula room, nursery, ante and post-partum departments all hold their memories, but clinic stands out quite vividly—"No, lady, you didn't swallow a watermelon seed" seemed to be a familiar response. How many times did you wish you had your Spanish interpretation book along? "Don't push, lady, the doctor isn't here yet!" is a difficult exclamation to make in Spanish.

Junior class block made a dramatic entrance with this frank fact—five courses awaited. The sentiment of the group was expressed as such, "Here I am, working my third week of nights with no weekends off and conferences at 1 PM every Wednesday!" The "TUR" irrigations, "gyn" exams, craniotomies, fractured femurs, and Bailey bottles will always remind us of these days.

Our social life was not to be forgotten, although preparing for our bake sales seemed to curtail many of our dates.

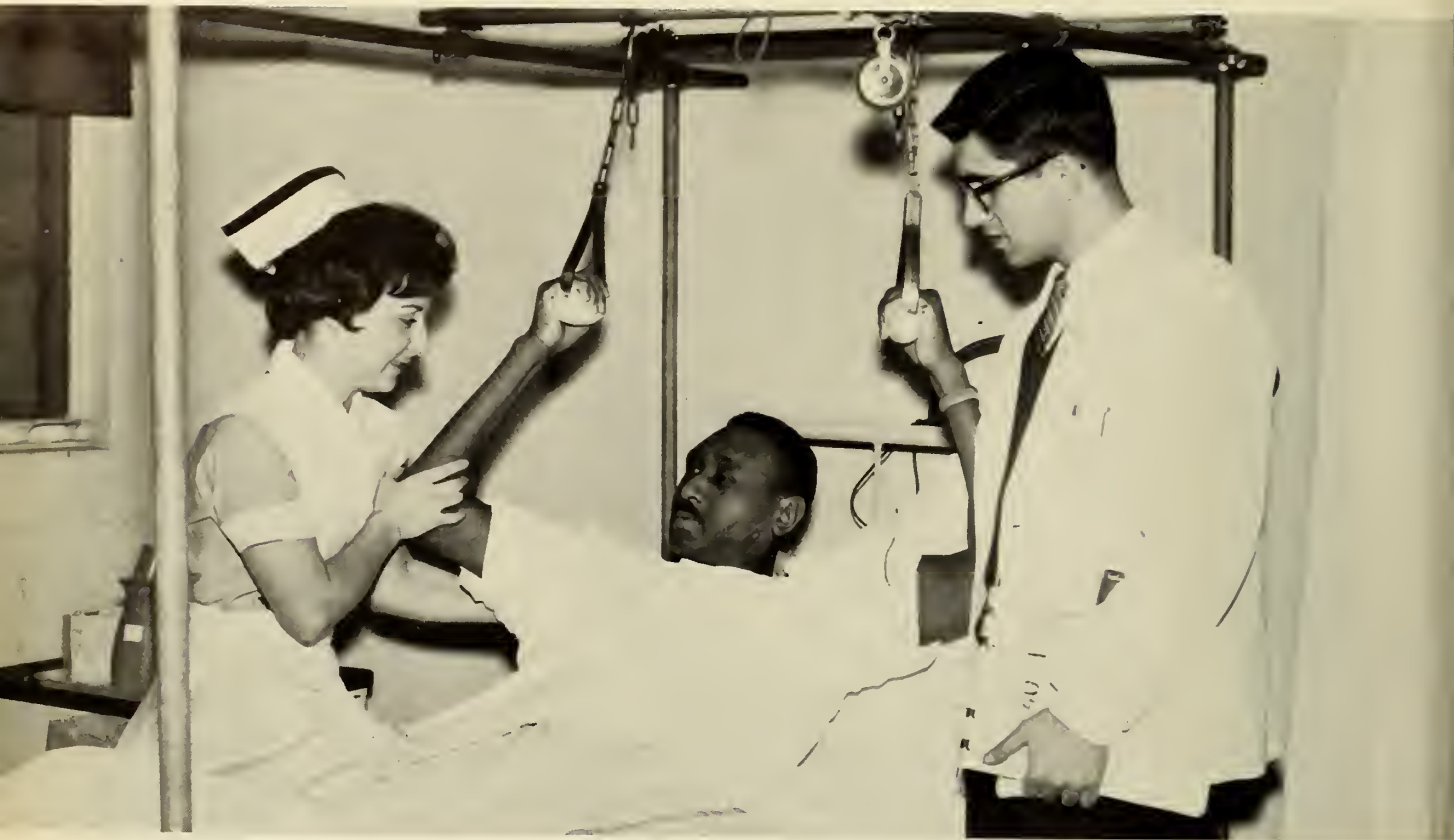
The traditional senior prom given by the Junior Class was held at the Warwick Hotel in the Mirror Room. "Will we ever sell enough tickets?" dominated every conversation.

How many times did we "bug" people to buy our aprons, stuffed animals, stickers or scrap books? And how many times did they smile and say "Not you again!"

Our greatly anticipated "Month Off" finally became reality. With it came the realization that many happy experiences awaited us in our senior year.



Orthopedics



Scratch a little to the left, nurse.

Gynecology



Carry on, nurse!!!

Pediatrics



So who's afraid of the big bad wolf?

Obstetrics



Next comes a lullaby!

Neurology



Cough, please.

Genito-Urinary



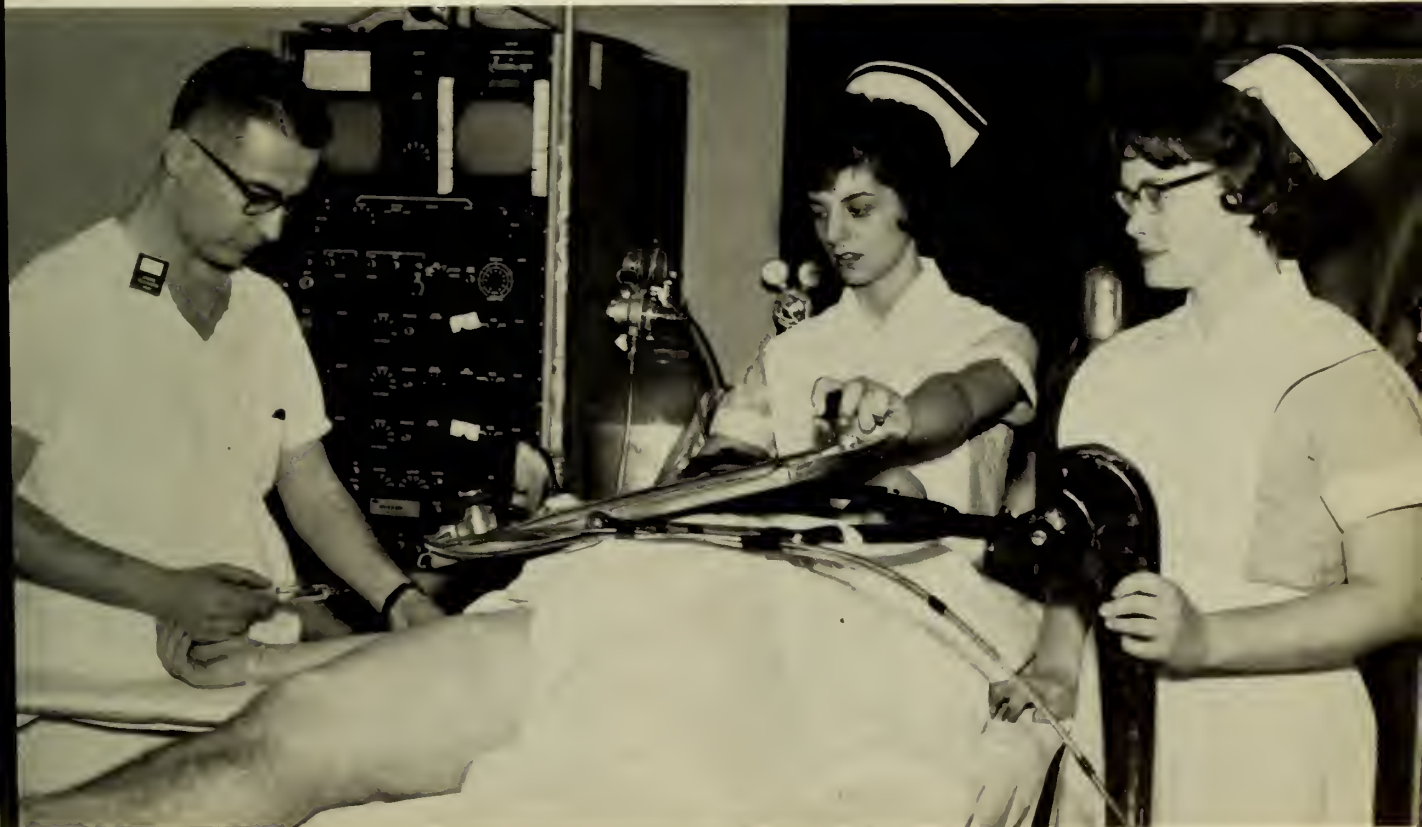
How clear's clear?

Thoracic Surgery



Inspiring confidence.

Cardiac Catheterization



Ever ready!



Angels aren't the only ones who
can fly!



Scout's honor; it's only colored
HOH!



Wish you

were mine.



Well, shut my mouth!



It just doesn't look like it'll work!



Isn't this the hard way out,
Nurse?



An obvious case!



Memories are

made of this.



She looks just like you.



Baby Touhey

Senior Year

The beginning of our senior year was marked by two events. We received the long-awaited quarter-inch stripes for our caps which designated us as seniors and that same week our "Little Sisters" were welcomed at the Big and Little Sister Party. Skits depicting the preclinical's arrival and first day on the floor and a welcoming speech from Mrs. Kistler were highlights of the party. Our little sisters were each given a miniature cap, symbolic of the ones they would receive six months later.

We then began the last few specialties of our training before graduation.

Senior Class Block taught us about communicable diseases, tuberculosis, venereal diseases, integumentary, and eye and ear conditions. Ward administration and professional adjustments gave us the final principles of our profession and taught us the most ideal and practical aspects of how to properly manage and run a hospital floor. POSCORBE was imbedded in our minds forever! History of nursing included background and development of the nursing profession.

EPPI and the daily bus rides, delicious meals, and many conferences gave us both education and experience in the field of psychiatry. "Pleasant and cooperative upon approach, no ward problem" took the place of "BP stable, urine less bloody, tolerating liquids" in our daily nurses' notes.

Out-patient department, a new addition to our curriculum, provided an extensive experience in the field of Public Health. It allowed us a chance to follow many of our patients after their hospital discharge.

Accident ward, perhaps the best liked by almost all of us, trained us to think ahead and act efficiently and quickly in emergency situations. Vague complaints of chest pain for two weeks, stomach pain, and, "vomicking" became as familiar to us as the burn cases, asthmatics, and stab wounds.

Aside from all of our classes, we can't forget our senior class activities. Our spaghetti dinner is never to be forgotten as it put us on our feet (financially, at least) and saved us from the ruins of poverty.

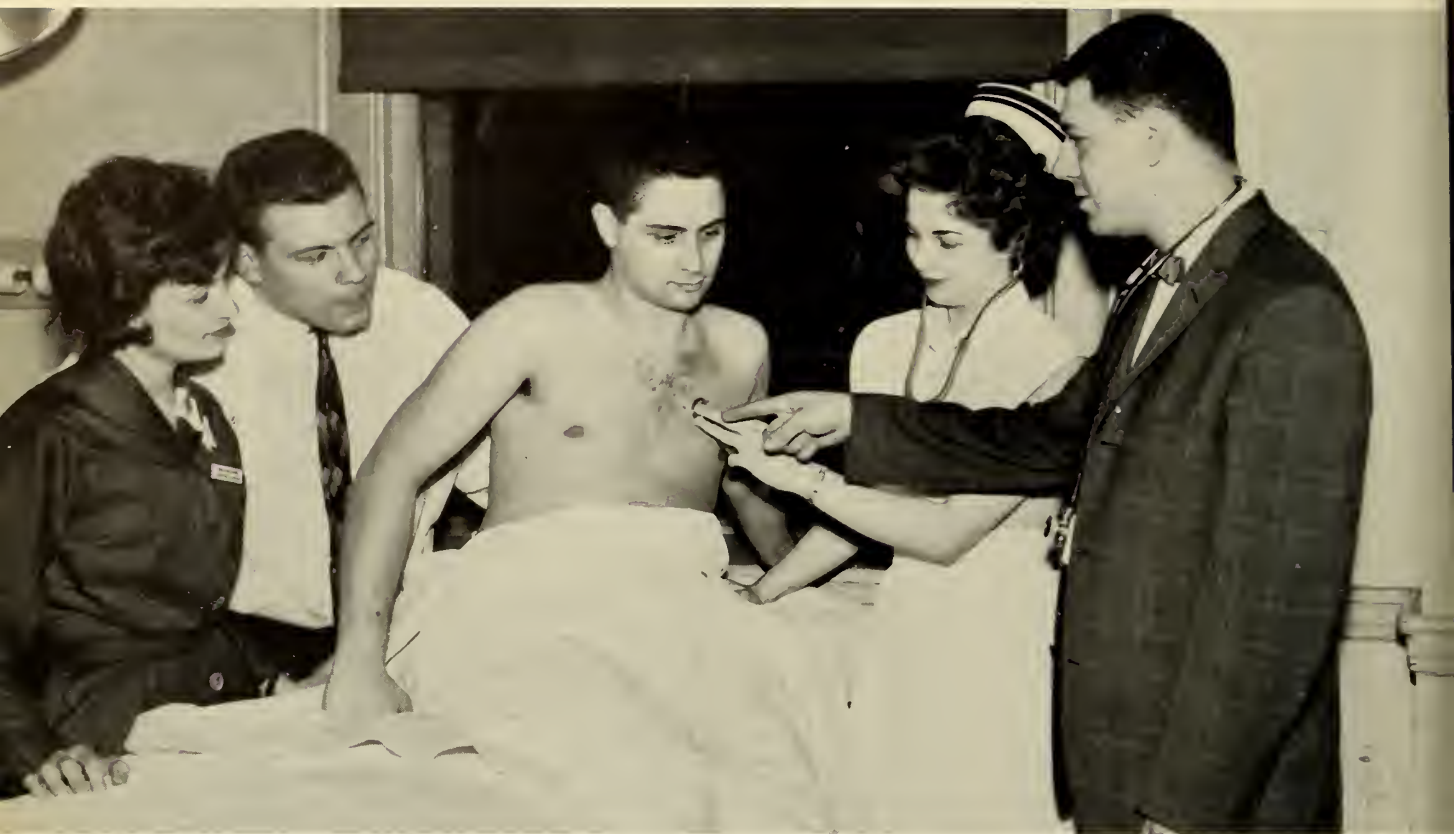
April brought the end of our bake and apron sales. It seemed as though we were all becoming home-economists at times!

"Cupid's Frolic" and the Junior-Senior Prom were our two big dances of the year. They were a lot of fun for all who attended. We each have our own separate memories of both occasions that we'll carry with us always.

Finally that long-awaited day came—graduation. The event we'd all been waiting for since three years earlier when we had registered as Hahnemann student nurses had arrived and we received our diplomas and became graduate members of the nursing profession. We are proud to be following in its tradition and dedication to service, and doubly proud to be the class of 1962 of the School of Nursing of the Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital.



Out-Patient Department



And that—is a murmur.

Accident Ward



But I can't see a thing!

16th Floor



But I keep getting a cha-cha beat!

Wednesday Conference



Girls, on page 72 . . .



200 mgm. of Thorazine coming up!



A Senior at last!



That Coke

hit the spot!



Did you know that a psycho-ceramic is a cracked pot?



I was just telling Bill about the food.



Every Monday night at Kulla's.



In your future I see . . .



But I can't swim!



And then *she* said . . .



Smile, Joanie.

Features

Activities play an important part in school life and help to develop talents and abilities.

Officers are chosen for the clubs, and meetings are held throughout the year with the guidance of a faculty advisor. Their accomplishments are many and diversified.

On the following pages, we shall see and remember all the activities which helped so much to round out our school life.



Basketball Team and Cheerleaders



Skindiving Club



Nurses' Christian Fellowship



Newman Club



"The Vital Sign" Staff



"Vigil '62" Staff



S. N. A. P. Representatives



Service Club



Student Council



Chorus





Ho! Ho! Ho! Were you a good girl?



I get the bedpan next!



Meet me

at 4.



Santa's Helper.



Ever see an EKG like this, Dr. Oaks?

Class of 1964

Our "Little Sisters"



FIRST ROW: B. O'Brian, J. Markuze, P. Lovell, M. Swigart, J. Peters, M. Kane, D. Celmins, F. Fitzgerald, J. Vassallo, B. Tarbutton, P. Kemetz, G. Rauch.

SECOND ROW: A. St. Petery, I. Schenck, P. Robinson, M. Pyck, J. Bencivengo, R. Seymour, P. Shale, K. O'Keefe, B. Baker, M. Balanda, J. Frecon.

THIRD ROW: C. Slys, L. Nihill, B. Henderson, I. Bartish, J. Hackney, C. Peck, C. McLeaf, C. Bray, A. Brent, L. Rogalski, G. Scott, E. Porter, P. Dockus.

FOURTH ROW: S. Lyons, N. Pierson, C. Wanner, L. Smith, K. Jakelsky, E. Shershen, C. Rogers, B. Deichert, S. Buttle, C. Bumgarner, I. Busch, N. Ludwig.

We hope you have bound in this book
All the leaves of three years past;
But just to be sure, as little sisters will
We offer you a leaf, may it not be the last.
Eternal friendship is ours to give;
It cannot be measured with man-made gauges.
Press it carefully, now, between these new pages.
When in later years you wish to share
Your knowledge of this profession rare,
Open this book, now with pages old,
And you'll find this friendship as good as gold.

The Class of '64

Class of 1963

"The Faithful Ones"



FIRST ROW: J. Anthony, J. Brodnick, M. Levy, E. Thompson, S. Centrella, S. Zieber, J. Dilworth, L. Illar.

SECOND ROW: A. Nagg, C. Zambetti, E. Farrell, L. Johnson, E. Wilson, M. Williard, B. Murray, P. Lavery.

ABSENT: L. Baker, G. Deeble, J. Deemer, J. Dill, D. Dubeck, L. Eggee, C. Fulchiero, N. Gauer, B. Gochnauer, J. Jones, S. Kane, H. Loner, S. McLean, S. Notestine, P. Parsons, Q. Pettiferde, R. Pologruto, S. Potocki, C. Potts, M. Relitch, J. Schmehl, L. Sellers, P. Shikorsky, L. Schuyler, M. Sweeney, L. Wiggins.

May we extend to the class of 1962 our congratulations. As you venture forth along the pathway of life, may each of you find happiness as well as prosperity.

Often we have worked with you, shared your problems, and realized your successes. Now accept our fondest wishes that whatever life holds in store for you may fulfill your desires, uphold the profession you have chosen, and bring you the satisfaction of success.

Best wishes,

The Class of '63



MERILYN JOAN ANGERMANN

Haddonfield, New Jersey

Meri

"A rare combination of frolic and fun."



MARGARET ANNE BARTLETT
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Peg



"A musical mind is full of harmony."



PATRICIA ANN BROSCIOUS

Northridge, California

Pat

"The price of wisdom is above rubies."



CAROL BYTHWAY TATTERSDILL

Pine Hill, New Jersey

Byth



"The present is big with the future."



JOAN ELIZABETH CAMPANELL

Hazleton, Pennsylvania

Campy

"Emotion is the spark that gets action."



PATRICIA ANN CATANESE

Norristown, Pennsylvania

Pat



"Neatness is the secret of charm."



LUCILLE ANN CHALFANT

Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

Lucy

"A blush is the color of virtue."



CAROL DOLORES COLBY
Laurel Springs, New Jersey

Carol



"The purpose firm is equal to the deed."



NANCY DIANE DAVIES

Pottsville, Pennsylvania

Nanc

"The world means something to the capable."



NANCY ELEANOR FLYNN

Goldsboro, Maryland

Nanc



"Good nature is stronger than swords."



JUDY ANN GREEN

Newfoundland, Pennsylvania

Jude

"Nothing great was ever achieved
without enthusiasm."



LUCILLE MAE JOHNSON
Easton, Pennsylvania

Lucy



"To be happy in the present and
confident in the future."



JOYCE EVELYN KING

Chester, Pennsylvania

Secretary, Class of 1962

Joy

"Four be the things I'd be better without:
love, curiosity, freckles and doubt."



SANDRA JOYCE KLINGER

Wiconisco, Pennsylvania

Vice-President, Class of 1962

Sandy



"Hearts were made to give away."



ROSEMARY VICTORIA OSTROWSKI

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Vicki

"Sing away sorrow; cast away care."



PHYLLIS JANE SMITH

Pottstown, Pennsylvania

President, Class of 1962

Phyl



"Be silent or let thy words be worth
more than silence."



CONSTANCE ADELAIDE VERSAGE

Stockertown, Pennsylvania

Treasurer, Class of 1962

Connie

"A good disposition is more
valuable than gold."



DORA ANN WAGNER
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Dora



"Vivacity is the health of the spirit."



RITA AURORA B. YOUNG

Ashland, Kentucky

Ritzie

"To be silent would be the death of me."



Class Advisors

MISS MARY SPAKOWSKI, R.N.
Nursing Service



MISS MARY-CHARLES SMITH, R.N., B.S.
Nursing Education

Can You Imagine . . .

Meri cool, calm, and collected?
Peg not talking?
Pat B. dating a fella taller than she?
Carol B. not in a hurry to go home?
Pattie not waiting for a phone call?
Joan whispering?
Lucy C. on time?
Carol C. without the final remark?
Nanc D. without her aqua-lung?
Nancy F. not reading the latest book?
Jude not getting any mail?
Lucy J. not watching T.V.?
Joy without a cigarette?
Sandy sitting on a bench at a B.B. game?
Vicki not flirting?
Phyl Not going to the "Y"?
Connie not going home on her days off?
Dora with two left feet?
Rita eating meat?

Remember When . . .

Meri lost a rectal thermometer in a patient?

Peggy kept her closet locked?

Pat B. mistook a Presbyterian minister for Dr. Thompson?

Byth waited for us to notice her ring?

Pattie spent all afternoon in the laundry looking for her cap which fell down the chute?

Joan lost her blanket out a 15th St. Window?

Lucy met Mrs. K. at E.P.P.I. while driving to work evenings?

Carol C. squeezed 6 of the E.P.P.I. girls into a Sunbeam car?

Nanc scrubbed 6 hours in the O. R. only to lose a sponge and have to reopen?

Nancy F. tripped over 3 urinals while trying to impress a policeman on 5th Surgery?

Jude brushed her teeth with Noxema?

Lucy J. tried to observe one of her first deliveries without a mask?

Joyce yelled "Fire!" in the O. R. during a nephrectomy?

Sandy plugged and unplugged the bovie 7 times for Dr. G. only to have him trip over it?

Vickie backed into a mayo stand while draping a patient?

Phyllis ran the hospital elevator and took Dr. Oaks to 11th floor?

Connie prepped the wrong leg for a cardiac cath?

Dora prepped for a hemorrhoidectomy with benzoin instead of Ioprep?

Rita welcomed the medical students with a huge adhesive sign?

Prayer

Keep us, O God, from pettiness; let us be
large in thought, in word, in deed.
Let us be done with fault-finding,
and leave off self-seeking.
May we put away all pretense and meet
each other face to face—without
self-pity and without prejudice.
May we never be hasty in judgement and
always generous.
Let us take time for all things: Make
us to grow calm, serene, gentle.
Teach us to put into action our better
impulses, straightforward and
unafraid.
Grant that we may realize it is the little
things that create differences; that
in the big things of life we are at one.
And may we strive to touch and to know
the great, common human heart of us all, and,
O Lord God, let us forget not to be kind.

—Mary Stewart

September 6, 1962



FIRST ROW: Marilyn Joan Angermann, Joyce Evelyn King, Sandra Joyce Klinger, Phyllis Jane Smith, Constance Adelaide Versage, Dora Ann Wagner.

SECOND ROW: Carol Bythway Tattersdill, Lucille Ann Chalfant, Patricia Ann Catanese, Patricia Ann Broschious, Nancy Diane Davies, Rita Aurora Borealis Young, Lucille Mae Johnson.

THIRD ROW: Rosemary Victoria Ostrowski, Joan Elizabeth Campanell, Margaret Anne Bartlett, Carol Dolores Colby, Judy Ann Green, Nancy Eleanor Flynn.

CoRtiSonE

"... probably useful only in the treatment of Addison's disease."

No knowledgeable person could have predicted more for cortisone. The time was April, 1948. The conclusion by a panel of distinguished clinicians that this medical new-comer, the first of the corticosteroids, would probably be of value only against one rare disease reflected the best in scientific thinking. No one could have foreseen that in the coming decade and a half, the corticosteroids would be utilized against more than 50 diseases and disorders, and that millions of persons would benefit each year.

Merck & Co., which pioneered with cortisone, could trace its interest in the marvelous secretions from the adrenal cortex back to 1933, when it had cooperated in studies at Johns Hopkins School of Medicine. World War II gave the studies urgency when it was reported—falsely, as it turned out—that German aviators were making use of an adrenal extract to fly as high as 40,000 feet without oxygen.

The federal government had lost interest by 1944, but Merck continued to push ahead with the adrenal program, cooperating closely in this work with Dr. Edward C. Kendall and his colleagues at the Mayo Clinic. It was Dr. Kendall who had first worked out the formulas for the corticosteroids. The first laboratory synthesis of cortisone, a mile-stone in medicinal chemistry, was accomplished by a

brilliant young Merck scientist, Dr. Lewis H. Sarett, in December, 1944.

It was in September, 1948, five months after the clinicians had issued their evaluation, that Dr. Philip S. Hench, also of the Mayo Clinic, made medical history with a series of cortisone injections given to a 29-year-old arthritic woman. The patient, who had been bedfast and virtually unable to move, delightedly went shopping after one week of therapy. A new era in medicine had been born.

Within the research laboratories of Merck Sharp & Dohme, which came into existence through the merger of Merck with Sharp & Dohme in 1953, the quest for a better anti-inflammatory agent has never ceased. In these laboratories, scientists probe deeply into the basic nature of inflammatory disease. Chemists synthesize and study a wide variety of corticosteroids; pharmacologists, physiologists and physicians check these and other compounds to see how they measure up in activity and absence of unwanted side effects.

Merck Sharp & Dohme's research and development in the corticosteroid field is but one of the company's many programs of scientific investigation. The medical scientists engaged in this work are the trustees of the better medicines of tomorrow, which are now being created in their test tubes and minds.



Congratulations
to the Class
of 1962
From

YORKSHIP PRESS

Printers and Stationers
OAKLYN, N. J.

Congratulations
to the Class
of 1962
From

PHARMACY

THE CLASS OF 1964

Wishes
Happiness and Success
to Their
"Big Sisters"
CLASS OF 1962

"Why Not
Join Your

**ALUMNAE
ASSOCIATION"**

Best Wishes
to the
Class of 1962

DIETARY DEPARTMENT

Photography
by

**REMBRANDT STUDIO,
INC.**

1726 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia 3, Pa.
LO 3-6256

Best Wishes
From

CLASS OF 1963

Try Our
Special Breakfast

ABE'S LUNCHEONETTE

246 W. 15th St.
LO 7-9897

Best Wishes
to
the Class of 1962
From

STUDENT COUNCIL

Compliments of

HOSPITAL CLOTHING UNIFORM CENTER

Graduate Uniforms in the Finest Poplin Materials—Also in
Dacron, Cotton and Wash-and-Wear Fabrics

Competitive Prices

Congratulations

to the

Class of 1962

From

THE FACULTY

HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL

GIFT SHOP

Gifts for All Occasions

"It's Our Pleasure
to Serve You"

HOURS—

Monday to Friday

9:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.

Saturday—12 noon - 6 p.m.

Sunday—12 noon - 6 p.m.

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Dr. R. B. Leomporra

Dr. Solnick

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Brader

Howard Jarolomen

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Versage

Mrs. Myrtle Liggett

CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES!



Mascots of the Class of 1962

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